THE DEMOCRATIC SENTINEL.

VOLUME 19--NO. 32.] CADIZ, OHIO, WEDNESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 8, 1852. [TERMS--$1,50 IN ADVANCE.

Democratic Sentinel.

The People & the People's Rights

CADIZ, OHIO.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, DEC. 8, '52.

Democratic State Convention for 1853.

We publish to-day, says the Statesman of the 29th ult., the call of the Democratic State Central Committee, for a Convention of Delegates of the Democracy of Ohio, on the 8th of January next. The object of the Convention, as stated in the call, is the nomination of candidates for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of State, Treasurer of State, Attorney General, one candidate for Supreme Judge, and one member of the Board of Public Works.

As the offices for which nominations are to be made are of the first importance, the Democracy will not need to be urged to turn out to the County Conventions for the selection of Delegates. No county should be unrepresented on such an occasion. The Democracy should all feel a deep interest in the Convention. It should be attended largely from every township, village and hamlet in the State. The day itself is one upon which Democratic vows should be renewed, its consecrated memories renewed, and its thrilling recollections revived, that its hallowing influence upon the hearts of the old friends and lovers of ANDREW JACKSON, may be refreshed and in full vigor through each generation. Our enemies, it is true are prostrate now—but they are endeavoring to arouse, form new organizations, and will strive for the recovery of power under new names and novel devices. Democratic vigilance must be eternal—when awake and active the power is always ours. Let, then, the ensuing campaign start right by having a complete representation of the Democracy of Ohio on the 8th.

8th of January Democratic State Convention.

At a meeting of the Democratic State Central committee, held in Columbus, on Thursday evening, November 25.h, 1852, present Messrs. Medary, of Franklin; Fries, of Hamilton; Mitchell, of Knox; Spencer, of Cuyahoga; Dickey, (acting for Gen. McDowell,) of Highland; and Morgan, of Columbiana, it was

Resolved, That a call be immediately issued for the assembling of a Democratic State Convention, at Columbus, on the 8th of January, 1853, for the purpose of placing in nomination candidates for the offices of Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of State, Treasurer of State, Attorney General, Supreme Judge, and Member of the Board of Public Works; and that in conformity to usage, under the resolution adopted by the Democratic State Convention of 1846, it is hereby recommended to the Democracy of the several counties to appoint one delegate to said Convention for every five hundred votes cast for the Democratic candidate for Governor at the last preceding election, and one additional delegate for any fractional number of Democratic votes, cast as above, exceeding two hundred and fifty.

In accordance with the above resolution the Democracy of the several counties of Ohio are hereby notified to meet and appoint delegates to a Democratic Convention, to be held in Columbus, on the 8th day of January, 1853, according to the ratio set forth in the following table:

[We omit the list of counties and delegates. Harrison county is entitled to three delegates.]

Editors of Democratic papers throughout Ohio, are respectfully requested to give this notice one insertion in their columns.

WM. D. MORGAN, Chairman.

NOTE.—The Committee deliberated on the propriety of making the vote at the late Presidential election, the basis of representation; but resolved to adhere to past usage, and leave the propriety of making a change in the hands of the Convention itself.

COUNTY CONVENTION.

In pursuance of the above call of the State Central Committee, the Central Committee of Harrison county earnestly request its Democracy to meet in County Convention in the Court House, in Cadiz, on Saturday, the 25th day of December, 1852, at 1 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of appointing three delegates to attend the glorious 8th of January Convention. Let there be a general turn out. BY ORDER.

☞We hope that the above calls will be faithfully and promptly attended to by the gallant Democracy of Harrison county. We have achieved a glorious victory during the past campaign, throughout the whole Union. Let us not ease our efforts, but labor on in the good old cause.

TWO BROTHERS IN CONGRESS.—E. B. Washburn, Esq., just elected to Congress in Illinois, is a brother to Israel Washburn, recently elected in Maine. They are the sons of Israel Washburn, Esq., of Maine. This is probably the first instance of two brothers meeting together in Congress, from two extremes of the Union, both Whigs, and printers by trade, and both highly esteemed for their talents and moral worth. "These are my jewels," truly the father might exclaim.

Our Trip to Cincinnati.

We promised our readers in our last number, that we should probably this week give some account of our late trip to Cincinnati. We now fulfil that promise.

On Tuesday, the 16th ult., we started on our journey. We left Cadiz early in the morning, in company with some 2 or three of our fellow-citizens, who were going to Wheeling. There was nothing new or attractive on the road between this and Wheeling, except the Plank Road, which we should judge had been completed some ten or twelve miles altogether. This road is excellent, with but one exception, and that is, that the plank are not long enough.

We arrived in Wheeling about 2 o'clock P. M., and "put up" at the Beymer House. We did not see the face of our old friend Walker, the former landlord, and upon enquiry we found that he had departed this life some two weeks previous to that time. Mr. Walker was a clever man, and a good landlord, and his death will be regretted by all those who have ever had the pleasure of stopping with him.

In about an hour after we arrived in Wheeling we got aboard of the steamer Manchester, Captain Bowman. The Manchester is a good and new boat,—the officers are clever and accommodating, and the fare was excellent. But she draws rather too much water when the river is as low as it was then. We were on her until she arrived at the lower end of Blannahassett's Island, where she made such a complete stick, that we thought there was a poor chance of travelling much farther on her at that time.

We kept on the Manchester until Thursday evening, when the steamer Envoy, Capt. Rodgers, came along, and we took passage on her, as we thought, for the remainder of the trip. She went along pretty well until about 10 P. M., when the first thing we heard was—"she's sinking," which was yelled out by the mate at a most vociferous rate. Here was a scene of great confusion. Some trying to get out of their state rooms, and others picking up their baggage and running for the hurricane deck. In a few minutes, however, quiet was restored, and it was ascertained that in rounding too at the head of Buffington's Island, she had ran against the Jane Franklin, and "stoved in" her bow. She soon ran to shore and all was safe. The cause of the collision was this.—When these two boats arrived at the head of Buffington's Island, they discovered that the steamer, Royal Arch, was sunk in the channel. They then undertook to round too, and go ashore, and in doing so, by some carelessness, the Envoy struck the Jane Franklin about midway, and "stoved" her bow in, while the Franklin escaped uninjured. When the boat struck, two men were so frightened that they jumped overboard, and not being able to swim, were unfortunately drowned. The pumps were then put to work, and kept so until we left her on Saturday morning. The officers of the Envoy are what might be called "grabbers," get all they can and give nothing back.

On Saturday morning, the Rev. Mr. Herr of Dayton, and ourself, concluded that we would go down to the lower end of the Island, and take the first boat that came through. We had not more than arrived there, before the splendid little steamer, John McFaden, came through, and we started on our journey. About midnight on the same evening, we arrived at Ironton, and as "sleep had left us" for several days, we concluded we would sojourn in that place until Monday morning. In company with our reverend friend, mentioned above, we repaired to the town where we had a good night's repose, which was very acceptable at the time.

Ironton is one of the wonders of the age. It is only about three years old, and now it contains a population of some 2500 inhabitants. It has a railroad running to it, a rolling mill or two, several foundries, and other beneficial improvements. About a year since it became the county seat of Lawrence Co, and it is still growing rapidly. We shall not soon forget the hospitality shown to us by our newly made friends, Mr. Peters and lady, of that place.

On Monday morning we started for Cincinnati on the steamer Cabinet, where we arrived safely the next day. The Cabinet is a regular packet, running between Ironton and Cincinnati, and we should judge that she does a good business from the loads of pig iron that she took on board, and she deserves it, for the officers are gentlemanly and accommodating.

We had been so long on the river, that we could make but a short stay in Cincinnati, and therefore missed the opportunity of seeing a great deal that we should like to have seen, besides a large number of old acquaintances. We are under obligations to our friends Robinson & Faran, of the Enquirer, (which by the by is one of the very best Democratic papers published in the country,) and Potter of the Commercial, for numerous favors shown to us during our short stay in the city.

On Wednesday, after transacting our business with the Messrs. Wells, the gentlemanly agents of the Cincinnati Type Foundry, and bidding adieu to the excellent hosts of the Dennison House, we started for home on the excellent steamer U. S. Mail, Captain Haxlep. The Mail is an excellent boat, and that is proven from the fact, that the captain cares more about the lives of his passengers, than he does about steamboat racing.

We arrived at Steubenville on the next Saturday evening, and the next morning we started for Cadiz, on a "pony" loaned to us by our friend Judge Jewett, where we arrived in safety, and heartily rejoiced that we were done steamboating for a season at least.

Lieutenant Governor.

The Steubenville *Union* says: We have heard the name of our young friend J. M. Gilman, of Columbiana county, spoken of in connection with the Lt. Governorship, and understand that his name will be presented before the 8th of January convention for the nomination for that office. Mr. Gilman is a young man of the first order of talents, and has had legislative experience to fit him for the post. During the recent contests his voice on the stump was heard eloquently in the advocacy of democratic principles, and with a warmth and effect that challenged the admiration of all listeners, and won for him the meed of praise from all hands. He comes from a county, too—glorious old Columbiana—which never falters in her devotion to democratic principles, and if her democracy only backs Mr. Gilman with half the energy they display in their contests with our common opponents, he will be nominated and triumphantly elected. Both of which results, we need scarcely add, will give us great pleasure.

Franklin Pierce is the youngest man who has ever been elected President of the United States. He is 48 years of age. Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams and Van Buren were each 53; Jackson, 62; Harrison, 68; Taylor, 68; and Polk, 49.

☞HON. LOUIS MCLANE, of Cecil Co., Md., is mentioned as a suitable candidate for Secretary of State under General Pierce.

☞GEN. PIERCE has written a letter to a citizen of Philadelphia, in which he states that he will not leave for the South until about the first of February.

☞A worthy but poor minister recently requested the loan of 50 dollars from the cashier of a bank, and in the note requesting the favor, he said he would pay in ten days, on the faith of Abraham. The cashier replied that by the rules of the bank the indorser must reside in the State. The parson then sent him a reference to the *Devil*, supposing they would not refuse one of their own directors.—*Cin. Enq.*

A CALL FOR A STATE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.—The friends of Temperance in the several counties in this State, are requested to meet in some central place or places in their respective counties on the third Saturday, the 18th of December next, and at such meetings to discuss the propriety of a law entirely prohibiting the liquor trafic in Ohio, and designate a large number delegates to represent their views in a State Convention to be held in the City of Columbus on the first Wednesday (the 5th) of January, 1852.

All the papers in this State are requested to publish this call.

S. F. CAREY.
J. B. THOMPSON.
JOHN A. FOOTE.
WARREN JENKINS.
JOHN J. JANNEY.
Committee.

WEBSTER AND THE EIEHWAYMAN.—A correspondent of the Detroit Free Press gives the following correction of an anecdote about Mr. Webster, when riding at night between Washington and Baltimore:

The anecdote is entirely incorrect, and as it appears to reflect on the courage of Mr. Webster, it is but fair that his memory should have the benefit of the true facts. The following you may depend on as the true version. I have heard it more than once from an intimate friend and great admirer of Mr. Webster, and who was in Congress with him.

Mr. Webster was one of the passengers in a stage coach which broke down betwen Baltimore and Washington. The passengers went to the nearest tavern, and there found that there was no other vehicle to be procured for some hours. This was at night, and Mr. Webster, being very anxious to proceed on his journey, applied to the landlord for some conveyence; his answer was that he had none, but that a person was about to proceed towards Washington, in a gig, and might be induced to give him a seat; "but," said the landlord, drawing Mr. Webster aside, "you may not like your companion; he is the notorious M———, the murderer!" "Never mind," said Mr. Webster, "he will not hurt me; ask him if he will take me." M——— was a man who had been tried for a most atrocious and savage muder, and who, although he had been acquitted, was believed by all to be guilty, and went by the name of M———, the murderer. The owner of the gig consented to take Mr. Webster with him, and they started, chatting on various subjects, until suddenly, a very lonely part of the road, his companion turned abruptly towards Mr. Webster, and said, "Do you know whom you are riding with?" Without a moment's hesitation, Mr. Webster answered, "Yes—with M———, the murderer," and, in his turn, asked, "and do you know with whom you are riding?" M——— at once answered, "Yes—with Daniel Webster, and I believe, too, the only man in the United States who would dare to say to me what you have just said." The boldness of the answer suited the savage spirit of M———, and he often afterwards related the anecdote.

☞You rarely, if ever see a politician with smooth hair, a great scholar with fine hair, an artist with red hair, a fop with coarse hair, a minister with long hair, or an editor whose hair is carefully adjusted.

☞Why did Adam, when alone, find the day long? Because it was always morning without Eve.

For the Sentinel.

Thoughts on Seeing an Egyptian Mummy.

What is the object now before my sight,
Robed in the sable hue of starless night;
All faded yet not crumbling down to dust,
Was it ever human—or,is it a bust!
O this! was once the gayest of the gay,
A spirit beamed in it with cheerful ray;
'Twas once a Princes on the Theban throne;
Now the soul is gone—now 'tis clay alone.
Those eyes now sealed—once beamed with cheerful light,
Those hands now aried and palsied to the sight,
Perhaps once swayed the powerful arm of state,
And done deeds to be ranked among the great.
Those lips all withered by the hand of time,
Once moved with gentle, grateful, pleasing smile;
Once carroled forth delightful music sweet,
Once did some youthful lover kindly greet.
Those limbs once strung to motion quick and gay,
Are now unstrung, and nought but palsied clay;
Once clothed in robes of majesty and might,
Now in the noon of deaths dark gloomy night.
'Mid tears and sighs thou fell before death's stroke,
Perhaps thy death some fondling's heart once broke,
But long ere this they all have sunk to rest,
And in immortal robes of being dress'd.
Once placed among the royal mighty dead
In sealed sarcophagus, from foot to head;
Now broken is thy silent slumbering cell,
Yet on thee death still holds his gloomy spell.
A nation gazes on thy lifeless form,
When thou existed, which was yet unborn;
Thy body laid in solemn silence by,
Is now beneath a far, far western sky.
Two thousand rolling years have glided by,
Since lifes warm channel though thy heart was dry,
Yea more, for 'tis a longer lapse of time
Since Theban glory flourished on the Rhine.
Though thou hast been with death for ages long,
Though now thou art the subject of my song,
A soul thou hast, on that eternal stream
Of endless Being. O! 'tis not a dream.
But true the time, the appointed time will be,
When thou from death's embrace shall yet go free;
Thy soul shall come from the eternal state,
And this dry lifeless body animate.
Then if in time, by faith washed in his blood,
If saved by grace from sins overwhelming flood,
New life and vigor shalt thou wear again,
And an eternal world of bliss obtain.
This body shall ascend to climes on high,
From which corroding cares forever fly;
All pure and lovely, join in sweetest song,
With that bright robed, eternal blood washed throng.

THOMPSONVILLE, HARRISON CO., O., Nov. 30th.

From the Southern Literary Gazette.

UNDER THE STUMP,
Or, Sampson Kepper's Courtship.

Any shrewd observer of men and manners could have immortalized his name in Grassborough, by explaining, clearly and satisfactorily, the reason why Mr. Sampson Kepper remained a bachelor at two score.

The facts of the case are as follows:—Sampson Kepper, Esq., at five and twenty, was looked upon as a prize by all the marriageable young ladies in Grassborough.—Possessed of good looks and an excellent farm, agreeable manners, and a large, comfor able house, a pair of whiskers and two pair oxen. Sampson could have "taken his pick" among the maidens of Grassborough, any of whom would have been delighted with his preference. He was a kind-hearted fellow, too—was Sampson Kepper, and I have often heard him described, as having a distinguishing fondness for gooseberry pies, nice children, fine horses, and ladies in general.

At that delightful age—five and twenty! Sampson did actually betray an inclination for connubial happiness. He commenced paying his addresses to the amiable Miss Lucretia Lane, a worthy and pretty young lady, who was said by every body—with the exception of a multitude of rival beauties—would make him an excellent wife.

Now Sampson waited on Lucretia—"courted her," as Grassborough gossips termed it, for five years, and it was well known to Sampson's friends that more than forty times during that period he was on the point of offering her his hand. But Sampson did not make such an offier for reasons—which Grassborough would have been glad to know.

The Lanes lost patience with the heir of the house of Kepper. Lucretia, they said, was at his disposal, but they could see no sense in requiring years to make up his mind to marriage. They threw out certain hints, which offended Sampson and distressed his faithful mistress; hints designed to hasten the approach of lazy-paced Hymen, but which were a chilling shower-bath on the ardor of Mr. Kepper. He avoided Lucretia's society for a month. At the end of that time, convinced of the impossiblity of living without her, he called upon her one Sunday night, as in former days. To his astonishment he found her occupying the small parlor in company with Mr. Brooks, a wealthy widower of thirty-five. Mr. Brooks and Lucretia sat together in the chimney corner and Sampson, with his surtout on, sank in, to the seat opposite.

"Fine evening," said Sampson, in an unsteady voice.

"Nay," said Lucretia, changing color rapidly and looking at the back-log.

It was snowing and blowing outside, at a frightful rate.

The widower settled his chin in his neckcloth, with a pompous air, and tried to look unconcerned. Lucretia coughed and blushed, and moved about in her chair, as if she had eaten something which distressed her; while Mr. Kepper glanced uneasily from his hat to the door, and played with his thumbs, like any timid young man, who intended to go to a champagne supper, should penetrate the sanctimonious silence of a Quaker meeting, by mistake.

"Ahem! Thought I'd just look in, and see how you were," observed Sampson, after a long pause, turning on his chair, and crossing his legs with an attempt to appear at ease.

"Thank you—hope you will—you'll come again?" faltered Lucretia.

And not another word was spoken for half an hour. At length Sampson, after a series of preliminary "ahems," and anxious glances at his hat, summond courage to say—

"Guess I'll be going"—

"What's your hurry?" asked Lucretia, in a feeble tone.

"Nothing particular—guess though I'd better be going. Good night."

"Good night, if you must go."

Stumbling over a chair in his endeavors to appear unconcerned, and buttoning the right-hand lappel of his dress-coat—an error which he did not discover till he reached the snow banks before his own door!—Mr. Kepper took his departure, leaving Lucretia with the widower.

No sooner had our hero gone, than Miss Lane, who had kept gradually hitching away from the widower, made an errand to the fire, an excuse for hitching it back again.

"Nice young man, Mr. Kepper," observed the widower, glancing at Lucretia over his dickey, and laying his arm on the back of her chair.

"Nay," said Lucretia, stooping to place a stick on the andirons.

Mr. Brooks perceived that the glow of the fire made her face very red.

"Used to be pretty neighborly, I understand?"

"Ye—yes—quite!"

Lucretia was crimson.

"Nothing but a friend, I suppose?"

"Oh, no! no!"

"Ahem! and if I should—that is, if any one else should wish to marry you, he would'nt be in the way?"

The widower's arm supplied from the back of the chair, and fell somehow by accident around her waist, and the widower being an absent minded person, neglected to put it back again!

"And would anything else be in the way, my dear?"

"That's according"—(how the fire did glow in Lucretia's face!)—"according to who the person is"—

The clasp of the arm about her waist tightened.

"Ah! hem! and if—and if—if it was me"—

"You! ha! there's no danger of that I guess!" said Lucretia, trying to laugh it off.

Another movement of the arm—and Lucretia's head lay on the widower's shoulder.

"But I am in earnest," exclaimed Mr. Brooks.

"Oh! I didn't suppose—If that's the case," stammered Lucretia, pretending to struggle a little.

This afforded the widower an excuse for clasping her waist still closer. He laid his whiskers against her wet cheek, to the imminent peril of Sampson Kepper's happiness, and the smoothness of his own dicky. Then you might have heard a kiss.

"There! now say you'll have me," exclaimed the widower.

"If you—want me to"—

Lucretia thought of Sampson, and hesitated. She had a lingering affection for that young gentleman, but then, he had exhausted her patience. Sampson was certainly a desireble man, But Lucretia was twenty-three. It was sweet to become Mrs. Kepper, but it was awful to think of becoming an old maid. The widower's affections at this moment struck Lucretia a happy medium—a comfortable certainty, although they promised no uncommon happiness, and she murmured,

"I will."

And this is the manner in which Sampson, through a habit of too much caution and indecision, lost the fairest maiden in Grassborough, after courting her five years.

Mr. Brooks took his young bride home to fill the place of a mother of three children; and Sampson, who had a married sister, with a small family, in strengthened circumstances, resolved to give his poor relations a home in his house, and live with them as an old bachelor, to the end of his days. On losing Lucretia, Sampson, in despair, had made a vow never to marry.

Eight years afterwards, however, Mr. Kepper had occasion to reconsider his vow. Mr. Brooks died suddenly, having Lucretia the mother of as many more. Sampson was fond of children, and Lucretia was more of angel in his eyes now than ever. He visits her, carried presents to her children, and did everything in his power to console her in her affliction, and the young widow dried her tears, planted some delicate flowers on the grave of the lamented Brooks, and smiled encouragingly on her old lover.

People began to talk again. Sampson and Lucretia were going to be married now, at all events, said the gossips. But two years passed; every body was puzzled; and the fact that Mr. Kepper was a bachelor at forty, was a mystery.

The truth is, Sampson had not been cured of his old habit of procrastination. To marry the mother of six children, and take her and them home—for Sampson could never have made up his mind to settle down on the Brooks estate—would be to disturb the peace of his sister's family, who had been living on him nearly ten years. Besides, Jane, his sister, and Mr. Bunker, his brother-in-law; who had a great irresolute mind, discouraged him from assuming such a responsibility, as the matrimonial station occupied by the late lamented Brooks.

"I should like to see you married and happy, dear," Mrs. Bunker would say, "for notwithstanding all our affection for you, I am afraid you are something dis atisfied with your present way of living!"

"Oh, I assure you again, sister," Sampson would reply, "I appreciate your attentions"—

"And I am sure we delight in doing for you. Still, if you desire to marry, take somebody worthy of you, and nothing would suit me better."

"But, Mrs. Brooks"—

"A widow with six children! I beg of you, if you value your peace of mind, don't marry another man's family. Look for somebody else."

She could safely give her brother this advice, for she well knew he would never marry any but Lucretia.

So Sampson hesitated. Although he sighed for the widow, he felt that it would be ungrateful to marry against the wishes of those who did everything to make him happy; who were so disinterested in furnishing his comfort, and who thought so little of the fortune that would fall to them, provided he died a bachelor, that they were perfectly willing—almost anxious—that he should marry anybody but a widow with six children!

Such was the state of affairs, when Sampson went one day to cut a saw-log out of the trunk of a large maple, which the wind had torn up by the roots, not far from the house. Having thrown his vest on the ground, and rolled up his sleeves, Mr. Kepper commenced choping off the log about eight feet from the but.

It was a hard job, Sampson afterwards said, and as the sun came pouring down upon him, he was quite exhausted and heated, before the first cut was off. Leaving the main portion of the trunk hanging by a chip to the stump, in order that blocks might be placed under it, to keep it from falling quite to the ground Sampson struck his axe into the log, and began to look for a shady place to sit down.

Near by grew a stately basswood, from the roots of which sprung up a luxuriant growth of shoots, surrounding the parent tre. Reflecting that these would not only shade him from the sun, but also serve as a protection against a swarm of flies, he determined to find a resting place among them, and began accordingly, to push them aside, in search of the most comfortable spot.

At that moment the chirping of a squirrel attracted his attention to the vast mass of earth which adhered to the upturned roots of the fallen tree. The little animal was sitting on the summit of this mass, talking saucily to Mr. Kepper, who thinking of the corn it would consume during the coming autumn, picked up a club, and with a well aimed blow, knocked it into the deep cavity left by the exhumed roots of the tree. Mr. Kepper with an eye to pleasing his little nephews, jumped in to the hollow, picked that kicking squirrel out the mud, and having thrown it down by his vest, proceeded to ensconce himself in the bushes.

Mr. Kepper found a most comfortable spot where he was quite concealed from the sun and flies, and there leaning against the ancient basswood, he indulged in a reverie in which a nice widow, a delightful family of children, cider in the evening, and gooseberry pie for dinner, were charmingly mixed up together.

Mr. Kepper was startled from his pleasant reflections by a dull cracking sound, in the direction of the tree on which he had been choping, pushing aside the bushes, he saw the chip breaking, which he had left the log hanging to the stump.

No sooner had he spoken, than the trunk dropped off, and instantaniously the huge mass of roots and earth overbalancing the stump, which was no longer attached to the tree, turned slowly back, and fell with a dull heavy report into its original bed.

"The dogs!" muttered Sampson, "it is lucky I did'nt happen to be picking that squirrel out of the hollow just at this time!"

And he shuddered to think what a horrid death to be crushed under an avalanche of roots and clay.

Mr. Kepper, however, sat still, and was soon lost in another reverie, from which he was aroused by a most extraordinary occurrence.

It afterwards appeared that Joe Symes, the hired man, who was at work repairing a fence near by, had twice or thrice cast his eyes in the direction of the fallen tree.—Hearing the sound of Kepper's axe no longer, Mr. Symes looked shortly after, and saw that worthy man in the hole under the roots of the tree; and in a little while, startled by a smothered concussion, he looked again, and beheld the stump turned back. At that moment Mr. Bunker appeared, and inquired for his brother-in-law. Both looking in the direction of the stump, and seeing nobody, Mr. Symes suddenly exclamed—

"I vow!"

"What?"

"I bet Kepper's been ketched under the butt of that tree!"

Mr. Bunker thought it could not be; but Symes assuring him that the last time that he saw Mr. K., he was in the hole, both run to the spot;

"Good Lord!" cried Symes, "here's his jacket—there's his axe—I vow! he's a goner!"

This was the exclamation which aroused Mr. Kepper. He looked through the bushes, and held his breath.

"Impossible!" said Bunker, nervously. "Where is Mr. Kepper then?" demanded Symes,

"Why he's walked off, I suppose."

"Walked off—walked off in a brilin" sun, without his hat? Look here!"

Symes picked up the bachelor's hat close by the basswood bushes, where Mr. Kepper had dropped it, on going into his retreat.

"I declare that looks bad! muttered Bunker,

Mr. Kepper was on the very point of showing himself, to end the joke and have a grand laugh over it, when Mr. Bunker made the remark that *it looked bad*.

Now Mr. K. could not have the objection to having any man say, such a state of things looked bad. He himself would been deeply impressed with the conviction that it looked bad had he been under the stump. Yet the manner in which Mr. B. made the remark, according to Mr. K's way of thinking; looked bad in itself. To be brief, Mr. B's countenance and tone expressed a satisfaction which he could not conceal; and Mr. K. thought he would just try the experiment of sitting still.

"Looks bad. Guess it does!" cried Symes, and he swore by George, that if Kepper wasn't under the stump, he was, and that it was a kind of duty they owed the 'old feller,' to dig him out.

"Dig him out! 'twould take an age!" muttered Mr. Bunker, rubbing his hands—probably to keep the flies off. "Tell you what, Joe, if hes there he's killed; and, it isn't as though little digging would save a man's life. So we may as well make certain that he's there before we begin."

"There! to be sure he's there. I'll go for the shovels," exclamed Joe. "By George! he was the best fellow in the world!" he added with emotion. "I'll bring the shovels—or don't you think the oxen will pull the stump over? I'll bring 'em and try it!"

Symes ran off, while Bunker remained looking compiacently at the stump.

"The dogs!" muttered Kepper, giving way to the momentary fancy that he was in the bad predicament supposed—"if you stand there, you'll never get me out! Why don't you get to digging?"

Bunker walked around the stump, endeavoring to look under it, where the ends of the roots protruded, and finally exclaimed, loud enough for his beloved brother to hear!"—

"Buried, sure as guns!"

"Am I?" muttered Kepper. "He there comes Jane, I wonder what she'll say?"

Mrs. Bunker came running to the spot, in a terrible state of excitement.

"Dear me!" she gasped, "Joe says Sampson is under the stump!"

"Well," said Bunker, "I 'spose he is."

"S'pose he is," groaned Sampson.

"Oh, what shall we do?" cried Jane greatly agitated. "Gracious, how horrid. Can he be got out? How long has he been there?"

"Long enough," whispered Bunker. "The old devil must be stone dead. Of course, it's horrid, but then we ought to be thankful that he has made his will."

"Oh, yes, Sampson was a cautious man. He was prepared," sighed Jane. "And if he was to be snatched from us we ought to be thankful that he did'nt marry first. Well, well, he was a good boy, if he did have his faults."

"Was I?" growled Sampson in the bushes.

"The widow Brooks may go to the devil now," said Bunker with a grim smile, and a long breath.

"Oh, she may, eh?" thought Sampson.

"To be sure, that odious match is off my mind," sighed Jane. "Well, its probably all for the best. He could'nt have lived many years, you know."

"Could'nt, we'll see," muttered Sampson.

"And it's some consolation," added Jane, more calmly, "to know that, although we have lost Sampson, our children are provided for. Oh, here comes Joe with the oxen! My poor dear brother! Oh, save him Joseph! He may still be alive!"

"Possible," whispered Sampson, hoarsely.

"Quick, Bunker, help me whip this chain round the top of the stump," cried Symes.

"Fudge, they can't pull it," said Bunker.

"There's no use if they," growled Sampson, stepping from the bushes. "I don't die so easy."

"Good Lord, here he is," cried Symes, dropping the log chain.

"The devil!" muttered Bunker, changing countenance. "Oh, my dear Sampson," he added, recovering his self-position, "you rejoice my heart; I never thought you were under that stump, but still I—I felt anxious—"

"My dear, dear brother," exclaimed Jane, running to embrace him. "I was afraid you were hurt—"

"And that I wasn't married," "hum," sneered Sampson; puting on his vest sulkily.

"My dear brother," began Bunker, deprecatingly, "you have made—"

"My will, I know it," walking off.

"But where are you going?" asked the anxious Bunker.

"To inform Mrs. Brooks that she has your permission to go to the devil."

"My dear brother, I meant—"

"You meant to consign her to me, to be sure, you called me an old devil; I am glad, my noble minded sister, that the odious match is off your mind. But it happens to be on my mind, heavy as you supposed this cursed stump was on my body.

Jane sobbed on his neck, but Sampson pushed her away.

"You consoled yourself with the recollection of my will, when you thought I was dead," he muttered; "and now that I am alive, you are inconsolable. Here Joe Symes, he cried to the wondering I,—bore, "here's my head—I'll remember you. Throw that log chain around Bunker, and shake him into the middle of next July, and you'll do me a service.

And he strode away, leaving Jane sobbing hysterically, Bunker gnawing his nether lip, and Joe Symes laughing so that he could hardly stand.

Sampson Kepper never entered his own house again, until the Bunkers had moved out of it, which event was of speedy occurrence, and then he did take possession, accompanied by the widow, now Mrs. Kepper, and all the little Brookses.

And now Sampson was very happy, for he had but three things to repent—that he had not married Lucretia fifteen years ago, instead of allowing another to enjoy her freshest bloom; that the selfishness of others had not been years of blissful married life; and that all the dear little Brookses were not dear little Keppers.

PAUL CRETTON.

FIRST USE OF MAHOGANY.—Dr. Gibbons, an eminent physician in the latter end of the seventeenth century, had a brother a sea-captain, who was the first that brought from the West Indies some mahogany logs for ballast. The Doctor was then building him a house in Covent Garden, and his brother the captain, thought they might be of service to him, but the carpenters found the wood to hard for their tools, and it was laid aside as useless. Soon after, Mr. Gibbons wanted a candle box, and got a cabinet-maker to make it out of the useless wood lying in the garden. The box was made, and the Doctor was so pleased with it, that he got the cabinet-maker to make him a bureau of it, and the fine color and polish of it induced him to invite a great number of his friends to see it, and among them the Duchess of Buckingham. Her Grace begged the Doctor for some of the wood, and got Wolloston, the cabinet-makers, to make her a bureau also, on which the fame of mahogany and Wollaston were much raised, and it became the rage for grand furniture. No other wood exceeds it yet.—*Eng. Paper.*

☞An acquaintance of ours, one day last week, on crossing upon the ferry boat, took out a mutilated five dollar bill on the Northwestern Bank of Virginia, at Wheeling, which, upon handing to the collector of fare, was blown into the river and lost. The next day he had an affidavit of the fact before a magistrate, and forwarded it on to the Bank. Yesterday morning he received a letter from the cashier, enclosing a bran new five dollar note on the said Bank. We are constrained to admit, in this case, that some good does issue from a corrupt source.—*Enq.*

☞Frogs are excellent in fricasees, or fried with crisped parsley. But they must be bred and fed with a view to the table, or they will turn out no better than the annals on which Dr. Ferguson, the historian, and Dr. Black, the chemist, attempted to regale, in imitation of the ancients. These learned Scotch professors caused a quantity of common snails to be collected in the fields and made into a kind of soup. They took their seats opposite to each other, and set to work in perfect good faith. A mouth full or two satisfied both that the experiment was a failure, but each was ashamed to give in first. At last Black, stealing a look at his friend, ventured to say, "Diana, ye think they're a leetle green?" "Confounded grieen!" emphatically responded Ferguson; "take 'em awa!"

☞The whig papers have frequently spoken of late, of "*the* General who never lost a battle." Does any one recollect the name?

1852